THE HALF-CROWN TEA, Best in the City. {J. B. MART.} 110, Borough Buildings, London-rd. Prove it by buying half-a-pound on trial.

Vol. II.—No. 44. MANCHESTER, Saturday, June 12th. Price One Penny.

VOWEL A WASHING MACHINE,
A very useful and popular Family Machine, price £3 10s.; with newly-improved India-rubber Wringer, extra strong, £5 12s. complete.—See Catalogue.
BRADFORD & CO., Cathedral Steps, Manchester.

VOWEL E COMBINED WASHING, WRINGING, & MANGLING MACHINE,
Price £8. 8s.: efficient, simple, and of acknowledged superiority.—See list of prize medals awarded.
BRADFORD & CO., Manchester and London.

BRADFORD'S WRINGING AND MANGLING MACHINE,
With improvements, perfect as a Wringer, unequalled as a Mangle.—CATHEDRAL STEPS, MANCHESTER.

VELOCIPEDE MICHAUX

The COMPAGNIE PARISIENNE beg to inform the nobility and gentry that their celebrated Velocipede Michaux will for future bear the title of COMPAGNIE PARISIENNE, in addition to the word Michaux, on each machine, without which none are genuine.

S. DAWSON, Junr.,
Parsonage Chambers, 56, DEANSGATE,
MANCHESTER,
Is our only authorised Agent for Manchester and district.

SILVER LEVER WATCHES £3. 3s. to £6. 6s
Silver Horizontal ditto, £1. 10s. to £3. 3s.
Gold Lever ditto..... £7. 10s. to £21. 0s.
Gold Horizontal ditto, £3. 3s. to £7. 7s.
Every Watch accurately timed and guaranteed.
JEWELLERY
Of every description, in new and choice designs.
GOLD GUARD AND ALBERT CHAINS
In great variety.
T. ARMSTRONG & BROTHER,
Watch and Clock Manufacturers, Goldsmiths, &c.
88, DEANSGATE.
Dining and Drawing-room Clocks, Hall Clocks, Alarums, &c., in every variety. Lowest net prices only charged.

SHIRLEY & HILL,
Tailors and Habit Makers,
52, MARKET STREET,
MANCHESTER.
Gladstone Buildings.

CLARET,
11s. PER DOZEN,
BOTTLES INCLUDED.

Our trade for this pure light Bordeaux, for DINNER and as a BEVERAGE Wine, increases daily.

James Smith & Company,
WINE MERCHANTS,
26, Market Street,
MANCHESTER.
And at
11, Lord Street, Liverpool.
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Grant & Co.'s Trousers, all Wool, 13/-
Grant & Co.'s Trousers and Vest, all Wool 17/6
Grant & Co.'s Brighton Coat, 20/-
Grant & Co.'s Showerproof Overcoats, 17/6
Grant & Co.'s Boys' Suits from 8/-
Grant & Co.'s Youths' Suits ,, 15/-
GRANT & CO.
TAILORS, CLOTHIERS, & OUTFITTERS,
136, DEANSGATE,
CORNER OF BRIDGE STREET.

WEDDING BREAKFASTS
BALL SUPPERS, and DINNERS Supplied, by
MESSRS. PARKER AND SON,
ST. MARY'S GATE,
In the most fashionable style, on moderate terms, including the hire of plate, china, glass, &c. An elegant assortment of Bridecakes always ready. Bills of fare for any number, with prices, sent post free. Late Purveyors to the Botanical Society.

FIRST ARRIVAL IN THE CITY.
Just received, a Consignment of the
Australian Meat Company's
READY-COOKED
MUTTON & BEEF,
SOLD WITHOUT BONE,
In 6lb. TINS, at 3s. 9d. per TIN,
BY
J. W. SCOTT, FAMILY GROCER,
276, DEANSGATE.
THE TRADE SUPPLIED.

WM. JAS. WRIGHT,
TAILOR,
58, LOWER KING STREET,
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Respectfully invites his Friends and the Public to inspect his very choice Stock of Spring Goods.

WM. JAM. WRIGHT,
Schneider und Hutmacher,
58, LOWER KING STREET,
MANCHESTER,
ersucht höflichst die-Deutchen Herren in Manchester, und Umgegend sein Grosses Lager in gewählten Fruhlings-Waaren anzusehen.

JOHN CAVANAH, HATTER, BOOTMAKER, and OUTFITTER, "Number Eleven," Oxford-st., (St. Peters). Agent for LINCOLN and BENNETT'S and CHRISTY'S HATS. Walking, Dress, & Sword Sticks, Canes, Umbrellas; Knapsacks, Portmanteaus, Valises, Satchels, Bags; Mackintoshes, Overcoats, Rugs, &c., in great variety.

HUSBAND'S NEW PATENT VENTILATING HATS, 35, MARKET-ST.

THE NATIONAL VELOX COMPANY,

FREE TRADE HALL, MANCHESTER.

THE NATIONAL VELOX COMPANY beg to announce that they have **OPENED** the immense basement of the **FREE TRADE HALL,** for the **SALE** and **HIRE** of their Patent Two-wheeled VELOCIPEDE, the "VELOX," which is cheaper, and in many respects better than those of other makers. Purchasers of the "VELOX" are allowed the free use, until perfect, of the Great Hall (nearly a quarter of an acre in extent). The National Velox Company also HIRE Velocipedes, by the hour, to the general public, at a small charge. Every facility given for Tournament practice. Gentlemen who have bought other makers' Velocipedes, and require practice, will do well to avail themselves of this opportunity, as they will have a perfectly level floor, great space, allowing the highest possible speed to be attained, and seclusion.

In order to keep the attendance select, the NATIONAL VELOX COMPANY charge Sixpence for admission, which is returnable to those hiring Velocipedes.

Lancashire & Yorkshire Railway.

TOURISTS' TICKETS

BY ORDINARY TRAINS.

ON and AFTER MAY 14th, 1869, RETURN TICKETS, by Ordinary Trains, First and Second Class, available for One Calendar Month, WILL BE ISSUED from all the principal Stations upon this Company's Railway, to

FLEETWOOD, LYTHAM, BLACKPOOL, SOUTHPORT.

Third Class Return Tickets, available by Third Class Trains for Fourteen Days, are also issued to Southport, Blackpool, Lytham, and Fleetwood.

THE ISLE OF MAN.

SCARBOROUGH, HARROGATE, ILKLEY for BEN RHYDDING, WHITBY, BRIDLINGTON, FILEY, REDCAR, HORNSEY, WITHERNSEA, SALTBURN, SEATON, and TYNEMOUTH.

CUMBERLAND.

Windermere, Furness Abbey, Grange, Ambleside, Coniston Lake, Keswick, Penrith, or Troutbeck for Ullswater, Lancaster or Morecambe, via Hest Bank.

SCOTLAND.

Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, Dumfries, Beattock, Ayr, Melrose, Stirling, Perth, Dundee, Dunkeld, Arbroath, Aberdeen, Keith, Elgin, Inverness.

DUBLIN.

NORTH WALES.

Including Rhyl, Abergele, Conway, Bangor, Carnarvon, Vale of Clwyd, Ruthin, Llanrwst, Llandudno, Holyhead, Brecon, Bala, Aberystwith, Llangollen, Tenbury, Barmouth, &c.

SOUTH WALES.

Newport, Cardiff, Neath, Swansea, Llanelley, Valley of the Wye, Tenby, &c.

THE CHANNEL ISLANDS,

BRIDPORT, WEYMOUTH, and DORCHESTER.

SOMERSETSHIRE, WEST OF ENGLAND, DEVONSHIRE, and CORNWALL.

Cleveland, Weston-Super-Mare, Exeter, Dawlish, Torquay, Totnes, Teignmouth, Plymouth, Truro, Liskeard, Penryn, Falmouth, Penzance, &c.

MALVERN.

NORTH OF IRELAND.

Portrush (for Giant's Causeway), Lake Erne, Londonderry, Belfast, and the North of Ireland (via Fleetwood), the only direct route.

Pic-nic and Pleasure Parties at one Single Fare for the Double Journey.

For further information respecting places of attraction, the fares, and times of trains starting, see this Company's tourists' programme. Time books and bills at all the Booking Offices on the line. By order.

Superintendent's Offices, Victoria Station,
Manchester, April 30th, 1869.

MONDAY, June 21st,

IS THE

LAST DAY for TICKETS.

1869.—NINETEENTH SEASON.—1869.

Art Union of Great Britain.

ONE SHILLING PER SHARE.

1,637,677 Tickets have been sold in the eighteen previous drawings, and 19,852 PRIZES distributed, including 4,604 Paintings, in amounts varying from 200 guineas downwards, being ONE PRIZE in each 82 Tickets.

THE DRAWING FOR PRIZES

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

WEDNESDAY, June 30th, 1869,

And will consist of upwards of

ONE THOUSAND PRIZES.

First Prize:
"A NOBLE WIFE".....W. H. FISK.....£150

Second Prize:
"The MORNING EXPRESS"..J. P. PETTITT..£126

Third Prize:
"A TIGHT FIT".....J. KENNEDY..... £63

and about 150 other Paintings, from £60 down.

[Particulars in Prize Lists.]

Tickets, ONE SHILLING each, entitling the holder to one chance in the drawing, may be had from the various Agents, or will be forwarded direct by the Secretary on receipt of envelope (stamped and directed), together with postage stamps or post-office order for the number of Tickets required.

JAMES G. LAW, Secretary,
39, Oxford-street, Manchester.

VELOCIPEDE MAKERS

Can be supplied with

WHEEL TIMBER of the finest description

(Bent Rims, White Hickory Spokes, Saddles, &c.) at

THURMAN'S BENT TIMBER WORKS,

New Wakefield-st., Oxford-st.

NO MORE DEAR MEAT.—

Important to heads of families. Just arrived from Australia, the finest Mutton in the world. Fully 3d. per lb. cheaper than English. In Tins, 7½d. per lb.; smaller quantities, 8d. per lb., COOKED & WITHOUT BONE.

WILLIAM T. BAX, Provision Merchant,
75, STRETFORD ROAD.

RUPTURES.

EXHIBITION PRIZE MEDAL, 1862

Was awarded to R. WESTBURY, Inventor and Sole Maker of the

IMPERCEPTIBLE CURATIVE TRUSS.

Deformity Instruments, Artificial Limbs, Elastic Stockings, and other Invalid Appliances.

26, OLD MILLGATE, MANCHESTER.

FREE TRADE HALL.

Tuesday Evening, June 22nd.

GRAND ASSAULT-OF-ARMS,

(Under distinguished patronage,)

IN AID OF THE FUND

FOR THE

WIDOW AND ORPHANS OF THE LATE SERGEANT INGLIS,

By the leading Amateur Athletes of Manchester and district, assisted by several of the most able Swordmen of the King's Dragoon Guards.

Reserved Seats, 5s., Second Seats, 2s., Gallery, 1s. Area, 6d.

By the kind permission of Colonel SLADE and Officers of the King's Dragoon Guards, the SPLENDID BAND of the Regiment will attend.

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NATHANIEL GOULD & CO.

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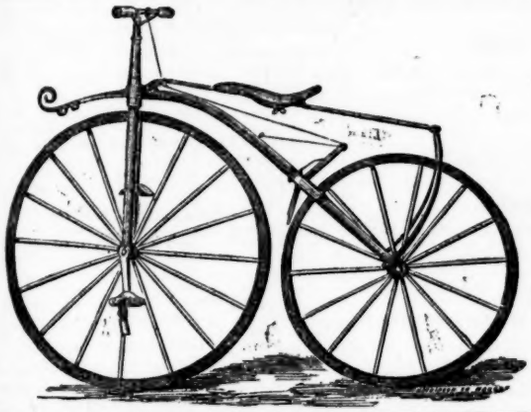

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THE BEST
French & American Two-Wheelers,
AT
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TWO SPACIOUS ROOMS FOR PRACTICE.

GARDEN HOSE, with BRASS WORK
H. STATHAM & CO., 11, Corporation-street.

FISHING STOCKINGS, TROUSERS AND BOOTS,
H. STATHAM & CO., 11, Corporation-street.

FLEXIBLE HOSE for GARDENS
fitted with Taps, Jets, Roses, Spreaders, and Unions.
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THE INDIA-RUBBER SPONGES and INDIA-RUBBER CORKS have only to be seen and tried to be appreciated and adopted.
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VELOCIPEDES of the best construction and workmanship, at JOSEPH HALEY'S, Machinist, 10, Corporation-st., Ducie Bridge, Manchester.

JONES'S TIC-DOLOREUX PILLS,
Invaluable for the relief and cure of Neuralgia, Sciatica, Toothache, Ague, Erysipelas, Consumption, Nervous Disorders, &c. Sold in Boxes at 7½d., 1s. 1½d., & 2s. 9d. Post free for 9, 15, and 36 stamps. Sole proprietor: JAMES JONES, Pharmaceutical Chemist, 149, Chapel Street, Salford.
AGENTS: Woolley, 69, Market-st., Manchester; J. Wheeldon, 217, Stockport-rd.; T. Bushby, Stockport-rd.; J. Whitehead, Tamworth-st., Hulme; T. Morris, Farnworth; and others.

JOHN SLACK,
CARVER AND GILDER,
BEGS to draw attention to his celebrated manufacture of CHIMNEY GLASSES, which for purity, stability, design, and genuine gilding, cannot be surpassed in England; prices as low as such an article can be produced for—from £4 to £30. Window Cornices in every style; genuine gold, 4s. to 12s. per foot. Picture Frames of every pattern and price. J. S. would also mention his very superior work in Re-gilding, for which he will be glad to give estimates, and will guarantee its genuine quality. Needlework neatly framed. Artists advantageously treated with.
17, LEVER STREET, Piccadilly.

J. HAYWARD,
(For several years Manager to the late firm of Scholes & Co.)
Window Blind Manufacturer
5, JOHN DALTON STREET,
MANCHESTER.
Sun-Shades of every description made to order.

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"MAIN" PRINTING OFFICES.
J. G. KERSHAW & CO.
LITHOGRAPHERS & LETTERPRESS PRINTERS,
BY STEAM POWER,
Patent Ledger & Account Book Manufacturers
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EVERY DESCRIPTION OF
BOOKWORK,
PAMPHLETS, CATALOGUES, CLUB RULES, &c.
PLAIN and ORNMENTAL
SHOW CARDS, WINDOW and DOOR BILLS.

PLACARDS,
And HANDBILLS, in every variety of style and size.

LITHOGRAPHED
DRAWINGS OF MACHINERY, MAPS,
PLANS OF ESTATES, &c.
BANKERS' NOTES, CHEQUES, DRAFTS, &c.
CIRCULARS, INVOICES,
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Plain and Ornamental Tickets,
FOR SHIPPERS and the HOME TRADE.
All the most useful sizes of Star and Pattern Tickets kept in Stock.

General Commercial Lithographic Printing of every description, by their Patent Anglo-French Steam Machine.

PATTERN BOOKS
And Sheets for Muslin and Calico Printers.

Every branch of the Printing and Stationery Trade executed on the Premises.

Printers and Publishers of *The Sphinx*, issued every Saturday.—Price One Penny.

R. WALMSLEY, JEWELLER AND SILVERSMITH, Manufacturer of LEVER & CHRONOMETER WATCHES, 129, Oldham-st., Manchester.

ESTABLISHED 1843.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—GREAT OUTFIT ESTABLISHMENT,

125 & 127, OLDHAM STREET.

THOMAS PEEL takes this opportunity of thanking his patrons and the public generally for their kind support during the 20 years he has been in business, and begs most respectfully to submit the following prices.

Having had 32 years' experience in the Underclothing Manufactures, will be a guarantee for goods worthy of the pre-eminence to which his establishment has attained.

LADIES' UNDERCLOTHING Department.

Long Night Dresses, in dozens, half dozens, or singly, 2s. 6½d. to 8s. 6d.
Ditto, with frills, 2s. 9d., 3s. 6d., 5s. to 12s.
Ditto, insertion, 2s. 11d., 3s. 6d., to 8s. 6d.
Ditto, Needle Work, 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d. 5s. 6d., 6s. 9d., 7s. 6d., 8s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 15s., 20s., 25s., 30s., 40s., 50s., to 60s. each. French and English Designs.

LADIES' CHEMISES.

Plain, 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 9d., 2s., 2s. 6d., to 5s.
Frills, 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 2s. 11d., to 6s. 9d.
Needle Scollop, 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 2s. 11d., 3s. 9d., to 8s. 6d.
Fancy Stomacher Fronts, 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s. 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 15s., 20s., 30s., to 50s.

LADIES' CALICO & TWILL BODIES.

Plain, 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 10½d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., to 3s. 6d.
Trimmed, 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., to 15s.

CAMESOLS.

Mull Muslin, 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., to 8s. 6d.
Fancy Fronts, 2s. 11d., 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 6s. 6d., 9s. 6d., 12s. 6d., 15s., 21s., to 50s.

LADIES' DRAWERS.

Plain and Hem, 1s., 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d, to 1s. 11d.
Seven Tucks, 1s. 4½d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 11d., to 2s. 6d.
Ten Tucks, 1s. 11d., 2s. 6d., to 5s.
Needle Scallop, 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 15s., 17s. 6d., 21s., to 25s.
Insertion, 1s. 11d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 10s., 15s., to 25s.

LADIES' LONGCLOTH PETTICOATS.

With Tucks, 1s. 6½d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s. to 10s. 6d.
With Insertion, 2s. 11½d., 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 6s., 8s. 6d., to 60s.
With Flouncings, &c., 4s. 11d., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 15s., 21s., to 90s.
With Frill 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., to 45s.

FLANNEL PETTICOATS.

Lancashire, 4s. 11d., 5s. 11d., 7s. 6d., to 10s. 6d.
Saxony, 6s. 11d., 9s. 11d., 12s., 15s., to 42s.
Coloured, ditto, 5s. 11d., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 16s. 6d., to 36s.
Silk, Satin, Eider Down, Arctic, and a great variety of Fancy Skirts, at nominal prices.

LADIES' NIGHT CAPS.

Several Hundred, French Manufacture .. 4½d.
Ditto ditto .. 6½d.
Ditto London .. 8½d.
Ditto London, with Needlework ..... 9½d.
Ditto ..... 1s.
Ditto ..... 1s. 3d.
Ditto ..... 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d.
Ditto, Glasgow ..... 2s. 6d. to 12s. 6d.
Ditto, Alexandra ..... 11½d.
Great Variety of Sleeping Nets.

LADIES' DRESSING GOWNS.

Printed Cambrics, 3s. 11½d., 4s. 11d., 6s. 6d., 8s. 6d. to 25s.
Ditto, Flannel, 10s. 11d., 15s., 21s., 30s., to 45s.
Ditto, Cashmere, 50s., 60s., 80s., to 140s.
White Muslin, 14s. 6d., 18s. 6d., 25s., to 50s.

TOILET.

Flannel Jackets, 7s. 11d., 9s. 11d., to 18s. 11d.
Muslin, ditto, 5s. 11d., 8s. 11d., 15s., to 30s.
Printed Cambric, ditto, 2s. 11d. to 7s. 6d.

LADIES' FLANNEL, MERINO DRAWERS,

Etc., Etc.

White and Scarlet Saxony Drawers .. 5s. 11d. to 14s. 6d.
Welsh Flannel ..... 6s. 11d. to 9s. 11d.
Swan Down ..... 4s. 6d. to 8s. 6d.
Twill ..... 3s. 6d. to 7s. 6d.
Merino ..... 4s. 6d. to 8s. 6d.
Lambs' Wool ..... 5s. 6d. to 8s. 6d.

SINGLETS.

Flannel ..... 3s. 9d. to 7s. 6d.
Merino Vests ..... 1s. 11d. to 8s. 6d.
Lambs' Wool ..... 3s. 6d. to 8s. 6d.
Merino Vests and Drawers, complete. 10s. 11d. to 15s. 0d.

LADIES' HOSE.

Thread, German make, 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., 2s., to 2s. 6d.
Ditto, English ditto, 1s. 11d., 2s. 6d., to 3s. 6d.
Silk, 5s. 11d., 7s. 6d., to 16s. 6d.
Cotton, 3½d., 8½d., 11½d., to 3s. 6d.
Merino, 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., to 5s.
Lambs' Wool, 1s. 6d., 2s., to 4s. 6d.
These are from the most celebrated Makers.

BABY LINEN.

Infant Shirts, 4½d., 6d., 7½d., 8½d., 10d., 11½d., 1s., 1s. 2d., 1s. 4d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 9d., 2s., 2s. 6d., to 8s. 6d.
Cotton Binders, 4½d., 6d., 8d., 10d., 1s., to 2s.
Flannel, 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s., to 2s. 6d.
Flannel Barrows, 1s. 11½d., 2s. 3d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 15s., to 25s.
Long Petticoats, 1s. 6d., 1s. 9d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s., to 15s.
Night Caps, 4½d., 6d., 7½d., 10½d., to 5s.
French Cambric Caps, 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s., to 15s.
Hair Cord Gowns, 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s. to 10s. 6d.
Calico Night Gowns, 1s., 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., to 6s. 6d.
Monthly Robes, 3s. 11d., 4s. 11d., 5s. 6d., 6s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 10s., 15s., 17s. 11d., 21s., to £6. 10s. each.

INFANT CHRISTENING Department.

CHRISTENING ROBES, 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 9s. 11d., 15s., 25s., 30s., 40s., 50s., to 160s.
FRENCH MERINO CLOAKS, braided, quilted, and trimmed, all of great beauty, 8s. 6d., 10s. 6., 12s. 6d., 15s., 18s. 6d., 21s., 25s., 30s., 40s., 60s., 90s., to 170s.
BEAUTIFUL HOODS and HATS, in CASHMERE, Silk, Velvet, and Felt, 1s. 4½d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s., 12s. 6d., 15s., to 30s.
SILK and VELVET BONNETS, 2s. 6d., 2s. 11d., 3s. 6d., 4s., 5s., 6s. 6d., 8s. 6d., 10s. 6d., to 15s.
90 dozen White Brussels and other Falls, 4½d., to 21s.
Quilted Bibs, 3d., 4d., 5½d., 6½d., 8½d., to 6s. 6d.

SHORT CLOTHES.

Round Shirts, 6½d., 7d., 8½d., 10½d., 1s., 2s., 3s., to 4s. 6d.
Stays, 4½d., 5½d., 6½d., 8½d., to 2s. 11d.
Calico Petticoats, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., to 8s. 6d.
Flannel ditto, 1s. 9d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., to 10s. 6d.

GIRLS' DEPARTMENT.

Chemise, Banded, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s., to 5s.
Ditto, Fancy Fronts, 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., to 15s.
Tucked Petticoats, 1s. 11d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., to 15s.
Flannel ditto, 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 6s. 6d., 8s. 6d., to 18s.
Drawers, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 3d., 1s. 11d., to 10s. 6d.

BOYS' and YOUTHS' Department.

Day Shirts, 1s. 6d., 1s. 11d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., to 6s. 6d.
Night ditto, 2s. 6d., 3s., 4s., to 5s.
Linen Collars, 3½d., 5½d., to 7½d.
Ties, Pocket Handkerchiefs, &c., all largely reduced.

GENTLEMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

20 dozen Shirts, size, 15½, 2s. 6d., worth 3s. 11d.
Plain and Fancy Shirts, to 10s. 6d.
Linen Inserting and other Fronts, 5½d. to 10s. 6d.
Fancy Ties, at nominal prices.

FLANNEL DEPARTMENT.

Lancashire, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 4d., 1s. 6d., to 1s. 11d.
Welsh, 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d.
Imitation, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 4d.
Saxony, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 2d., 1s. 4d., to 8s.

CALICO DEPARTMENT.

500 Pieces 36 inch Longcloth .. .. 3½d.
50 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 3½d.
50 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 5d.
70 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 5½d.
10 Pieces ditto 8½d
10 Pieces Twill ditto 6½d
32 inch Longcloth in proportion.
50 Pieces Haircord Muslin .. .. .. 5½d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 8½d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 10½d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 3d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 6d.
5 Pieces Fancy Satin Stripe .. .. 8½d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 10½d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 3d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 6d.
Soft Cords, 1s. 4d. to 2s. 6d.
50 Pieces ¾ Linen Lawns .. .. .. 10½d.
20 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 3d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 6d.
20 Pieces ditto .. .. 1s. 11d. to 3s.
50 Pieces Nainsook .. .. .. 4½d.
40 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 6½d.
40 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 8½d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 4d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 6d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 10d.
15 Pieces ditto various, to .. 3s.
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CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

MR. Robert Barnes, a member of the Manchester Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, has been urging the claims of that institution upon the public. We eagerly seize upon the opportunity to second his appeal. Of all the numerous benevolent societies which exist—to prove that the heart of the great, busy world is not entirely callous to suffering—there is not one which has a nobler purpose. Than cruelty there is no more repulsive, inexcusable, and exasperating crime. There is about it such a wantonness, and such a uselessness, that its criminality is apt to seem much more detestable than even equal guilt displayed in less gratuitous and heartless ways. There is a cold-bloodedness about it that deprives it of the glamour which surrounds the crimes of passion. It gives one, as Mr. Sothern phrases it, in *Home*, a tingling of the toes, being a local irritation; which, however, can be kicked off. It makes good blood boil. When one sees an act of cruelty, one feels almost indignant enough to commit a similar outrage upon its perpetrator. Deeds of inhumanity need only to be brought before the mind to be abhorred. No argument is required: the thing is its own condemnation. The public only needs to be informed of cruel practices to shudder at them. And, of all cruelties, surely those inflicted on dumb animals are the most atrocious. There is much physical, as well as moral cruelty practised upon men, but, somehow, it does not stir within one the same indignation. There is not the same cowardice about it. Men can at least speak, while beasts cannot. There is, moreover, much more inhumanity inflicted upon them than men; and, so far as physical sufferings are concerned, they are equally as sensitive. It is, then, as cruel to torture a beast as a man, and therefore it is just as honourable to protect the former as the latter. This protection is the noble object of the society whose cause we are pleading, and to this good work all who assist the society in any way are contributing. Of course, it is open to the objection of all societies, that, much as is gained by union, much also is lost. Friction is involved in all machinery. Moreover, it is obliged to commit its practical administration to the hands of hirelings, who do not share in the grand ambition which actuates itself, and are accessible to bribes, and all sorts of dishonest influence—whose principal occupation seems, indeed, to be to poke about the harness of the city after paltry sores, while wholesale torture is being committed under their noses. Still, the great fact remains, that the society does something, while individuals do nothing; so that the good of it is beyond dispute or cavil.

But, great as is our admiration of the society, we would earnestly urge upon it the desirability of extending its sphere of action beyond the street and horses, besides attending to these still more assiduously. We would direct its attention to the shameful manner in which sheep, and fowls, and cattle are often treated by the railway companies—the crowded pens in which they are huddled together, the negligent manner in which their wants are not attended to, and the inordinate time that they are kept in close confinement. On the steamers that convey sheep from Rotterdam to Harwich, the wretched animals are so densely packed, that a man is sent amongst them, every now and then, to beat them with a stick—over their backs, tails, heads, or anywhere, and as hard as he likes—in order to make them scramble about a little, that they may not get the cramp. To make dumb beasts unable to move, and then thrash them for not moving, is an atrocity well worthy of the notice of protectors of animals. We would also refer the society to the men one sees occasionally in the streets, bearing wire cages full of rats upon their backs. Surely these gentry might be followed by a little private inquiry, without serious detriment even to the finest feelings of honour. Also, could not the society do something towards forcing "the authorities" to roll new-laid macadam pavement? Such a pretext for a roadway is barbarous, and its defenders ought simply to be hooted at. Fresh-laid macadam is not fit for traffic, and those who lay it down, and do not roll it, are as unfit for office. But, most of all, we would impress upon the society the fact that single wounds and specific hurts of any sort are of little importance compared to general exhaustion. Over-work is far worse than a sore beneath a horse's collar, bad as that is. Cannot the society do something to prevent or punish, for instance, the shameful manner in which donkeys are almost invariably over-loaded? Let it also look at many of the 'bus horses upon a hot day, especially in Whit-week. We would not refer it specially to the Carriage Company, because that, as a rule, has good horses; and, being a company, is always plentifully provided with detractors; but we would very specially refer its notice to the horses of "A Party by the Name of Johnson"—to use an H. J. Byronism. We have even seen a horse of Mr. Standring's—usually unexceptionable in this matter—that had not a straight leg to its miserable body, and could scarcely hobble down hill, let alone up. This was not so long ago, but about this animal the society need scarcely trouble itself, as it cannot help but have been killed by this. We mention these things in no hostile spirit. The society is, doubtless, anxious to do all it can, and, in consideration of the sentiment involved, will perhaps accept even that most unpalatable of all gifts—advice. Far from disparaging it, we would pay an eager tribute to its merit and its usefulness, and would recommend it with unusual earnestness to the consideration and generosity of the public.

But enormous as is the good which the society wishes to do, and great as is that which it actually does, what it does is as nothing to what the public might do, if it would only take the trouble and the care to lift its voice—and sometimes its hand as well—against every piece of inhumanity it sees and hears of, as it passes on its journey through the world. If the public object to organizations on account of the power lost in working their machinery, let it resolve itself into one, huge, unorganised society, and prevent cruelty to animals upon its own account. Instead of this, it passes by upon the other side—no it doesn't—it doesn't even take the trouble to cross over to avoid it—it passes by upon the same side, and laughs sometimes at those who take more trouble than itself. The Marquis Townshend, notwithstanding his weakness for acting badly, on behalf of charities, at amateur performances, is a very estimable nobleman; and his recent bill for the compulsory introduction of steam-rollers, laughed out of the House of Lords though it was, is to our mind just as good as righting Irish wrongs. When it seems, at first sight, that a fool is being laughed at by wise men, it sometimes turns out, at second, that a wise man is being laughed at by fools. But the public sanctions cruelty and patronises it, as well as suffers it and laughs at those who

won't. We pass by what is commonly called "sport," as a debatable point, which we have neither time, nor space, nor inclination to argue here; but the barbarities connected with the butcher's shop must not be passed over. White veal is a favourite dish in this part of the country—and especially on Sunday, just after coming home from church—where we may have comfortably slumbered through a sermon on Balaam and his ass—yet the cruelties perpetrated in the whitening of it are so well-known that we need scarcely remark upon the atrocity of inflicting agony on helpless animals for the sake of making an epicure's dinner pleasant to her eyes. But there can be little doubt that the cruelties of the slaughter-house are legion. Not to produce white veal alone do human beings turn themselves into brute-torturers. A searching investigation into all the various means by which animal food is prepared for the market would disclose more horrors than we should be prepared for. It is not long since there was revealed a thitherto unsuspected system of torturing fowls. A poulterer in Manchester confessed to plucking thousands in a week, while they were living—to make them look more plump upon the counter. We make so slight of agony we do not feel ourselves, that we will not deprive ourselves of even a momentary gratification, to lessen it. We are so civilised; we go to church so regularly; we are so proud of being Christians.

Speaking of Christians, we must advert to one of the Christian virtues—cat-hunting. To kill a cat seems to be an excellence; to chase one, a meritorious recreation. The cat is the most ill-used of domestic animals. The hand of every man is against it. It is no use arguing that a cat has feelings, and that it is just as cruel to hurt one thing's feelings as another's. Nobody denies it; but the world has got into the way of chasing cats. We were once walking by the side of an amiable and accomplished Christian lady; and her son—a boy in the most disagreeable stage—accompanied us. Suddenly he began to make a rushing noise with his feet, grimacing like a monkey, and howling hideously. "Teddy," said the amiable and accomplished Christian lady, "Don't!" "Well, ma," replied the young barbarian, "its only a cat!" And his mother was appeased. Here was a little savage who had actually been taught by his amiable and accomplished Christian mother that to hunt cats was a venial amusement! This anecdote is typical of the estimation in which cat-hunting is held by the world: to frighten cats is deemed perfectly consistent with amiable and accomplished Christianity. It is inhuman nature. Every other passer-by you mark will have a scowl, a stamp, or a stone, for any cat that comes in sight. "Give me a gun," demanded of us a young friend. "What for?" we asked. "To shoot cats." The young friend didn't get a gun, but he got a box on the ears—which would do him much more good.

To think—at any given moment—of the pain which is just then being suffered by poor animals, in this one town alone, is appalling. One scarcely can look anywhere without seeing suffering, and without seeing everybody pass it by, without a care. The rider's driver lashes at his horse, to start it: if it starts, the rider is content. A moth flies through the reader's reading-lamp: he does not pause, to find its fallen body, and relieve it of its pangs. The walker treads upon a fly: he will not stop to see if it is killed outright. God gave man beasts, to use and to protect: he uses them, abuses them, and leaves them to protect themselves.

Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals are capital things in their way, but the good they do is infinitesimal, compared with the universality of the crime they seek to mitigate. Cruelty to animals will never cease, until the whole world prevents it. It is the duty of every good citizen to speak and act, whenever he sees pain inflicted wantonly. It is as important not to permit it as not to commit it. Some of us do not torture animals ourselves, but few of us prevent others from doing so. That costs time and trouble. But what are time and trouble, compared with agony and woe? Still, if we are too lazy and apathetic to do good ourselves, the next best thing is to do good by proxy. We may do it both by self and proxy: that is best of all. And for our proxy, in both cases, we cannot find a better than that Manchester society whose secretary is Mr. John Duffield, of 2, Essex Chambers, Essex Street.

OUR NEW J.P.'s.

THE alarming increase of gentlemen holding the commission of the peace in the County Palatine of Lancaster suggests one of two things—either that we have a plethora amongst us of people who must be made magistrates because their claims of ability, of character, of position, are overwhelming; or else, that the statistics of crime are so augmenting that we must balance the criminal proportion by throwing in an increase of magisterial power—on the same principle as an irreverent jester remarked, when he saw a great increase of new churches, that a new devil would soon be wanted to restore the balance of power. It will be difficult, if not impossible, to decide, of the two we have named, which inference is the stronger; but it will not be too much to say, that if the creation of new magistrates go on as it has done recently, the position of a magistrate will soon cease to be regarded as one of distinction. Having regard to the list of young men and "old women" who have been created J.P.'s, it may be said that the government have spared neither age nor sex. Lord Dufferin is commonly reported to have still a list of some three hundred gentlemen who are hungering for the bench, and the competition is so great that the parliamentary representatives in the county are plagued to death with the applications of men who believe themselves quite as capable of fining their fellow-creatures "five bob" as most of the men who are already installed in the magisterial office. This is scarcely to be wondered at, for, looking at the justices already made, it would be difficult to say how any man in the possession of his five senses can honestly or fairly be excluded. The standard has got down so low that, outside the borough and county gaols and the lunatic asylums, all men may be accounted qualified to sit upon the magisterial bench. In a neighbouring borough, it is commonly understood that if a man get drunk, and get fighting, two nights together—the only cure for him is to make him a justice of the peace, and even then the cure is not always perfect; but then, he has the not inconsiderable advantage of understanding drinking and fighting thoroughly, and therefore of being more accomplished in dealing with those attributes judicially.

It must be admitted that the proverbial good sense of Lancashire men leads many of the new justices to abstain altogether from the public exercise of their functions. They are wiser than the government in this respect—that if the government give them the chance of rendering the administration of the law ridiculous, they decline to avail themselves of the opportunity, and carefully abstain from acting as magistrates in all save a subordinate capacity, We hear constantly of the difficulty of making a bench for the decision of cases in which more than one justice is requisite. The court has frequently had to wait until a stray magistrate could be caught, when all the streets are actually swarming with them. The worthy magistrates felt that they had "better not." They knew that the magistrates' clerk would probably have to correct them in open court, and they were too good judges to be putting their feet in meshes of the sort. It was not long ago, that a man was fined for contravening the cattle plague law—his excuse being that he could not find a justice to give him his permit or certificate; but Mr. Trafford very properly declined to allow the plea, because he said there were already as many magistrates in this county as policemen, and he believed the list would very shortly be augmented. This was a year or two ago. Since then

the Conservative government have had an innings, and they scored rapidly—it is said that their justice-making helped them to secure votes at the last election. We don't propose to go into that question, but there is a certain colour given to the allegation by the fierceness with which the new Liberal government has trumped the trick of their predecessors. This is not a political question, and we are not politicians; there can therefore be no harm in our saying that we deeply regret that Mr. Gladstone should have allowed himself to be played upon in this respect. The affair has an uglier aspect because the list of new justices contains a larger proportion of conspicuously active liberal politicians than usual—and the active ones have been promoted (?) whilst some veteran liberal politicians have been passed by. It is a calamity when the fountain of justice is sullied by the muddy admixture of party politics. Granted that the mud need not be imported on to the bench, we say that—to the vulgar gaze it is imported when men are pitch-forked into office after a recent fashion. Nearly all other qualifications save those of politics, have been studiously disregarded. Tories and Whigs are alike culpable in this respect.

It may not be very easy to define the qualities which should fit a man for the magistracy, but, upon the whole, we should be inclined to say that a fair worldly position and a solid, untainted character, are the chief ones. Average ability will suffice; average character will not; the character should be above the average. The dicta of the bench should be propelled by a moral weight. We cannot do with men lecturing delinquents whose volunteered advice on 'Change or in private circles would be deemed an impertinence. Whipper-snapper boys and impudent adults, who say lots of foolish things, and never do a wise one, are an insult to the old race of justices, are a laughing-stock to the thoughtful public, and are a disgrace to the community which is wearily compelled to tolerate their disgraceful incapacity.

THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

HOW THE CAPITATION SCHEME WORKS.

WHEN the scheme for the admission of scholars to the privileges enjoyed by the free boys at the Manchester Grammar School was first propounded, it gave rise, it will be remembered, to much controversy and agitation. Ultimately, however, it received the approval of the Court of Chancery, was at once put into full operation, and has now been working sufficiently long to enable us to estimate its value, and to form some idea of the general prospects and tendencies of the system.

The chief terror of the opposition party was, that the thin end of the wedge was likely to be introduced. They feared the school might lapse back to that old-world state of cosmopolitan renown, but local uselessness, which it once knew. That, gradually, the free element might be swamped or eliminated, and what was intended for the enlightenment of ignorant and deserving poverty be transformed into a close preserve for the good of equally ignorant but undeserving wealth. Now it so happened, that the poorer classes were those who never appreciated the school; in fact, they, as a rule, were scarcely aware of its existence. The Grammar School, to them, was a place situated between the Chetham Hospital and the Cathedral School, where the boys were linked to the middle ages by a talismanic badge, worn on the head, in the shape of a square cap, or mortar-board. Their misty impressions were, either that a large sum had to be paid for the transmutation of boys into classical scholars, or that, free as it was, it was so fenced in and rendered exclusive by the dragon-like restrictions, recommends, magistrates' orders, and what not, that it was no use, or not worth the labour, applying for a boy's admission. This is all changed; and there never was a time when so many boys of the class whom the school, in its aspect as a foundation and a charity, is especially calculated to benefit, received their education within its walls as at the present moment. This is entirely due to the new system, the aim of which is to exclude from the list of the foundationers, or free boys, all who can afford to pay the requisite annual fee of twelve guineas, and to attract, by the educational advantages offered, as many paying boys as they can get to come. The number of free boys at present is two hundred and fifty. A very large proportion of these have been selected purely for the reason that they are, by their social position, deserving; the remainder being relics of the old system of admission. Now, in former times the total number of boys was two hundred and fifty, or a little over; and many of these—we might say most—were sons of people who could well afford to pay for a good education, but who were admitted simply because the vacancies had to be filled up, and the poorer classes did not apply. At the present day, the days of examination of free candidates are advertised in the newspapers; every encouragement and facility is given for obtaining information, to the very poorest. Much time and trouble—how much few beyond the immediate circle of the school could possibly imagine—are given, both by the High Master and trustees, to examine and select the best and most deserving candidates for free admission. When it is considered that there are about one hundred and twenty of these, who apply twice a year, it will be seen that the scrutiny is no light or enviable task. All this is to be set down to the capitation system.

Another bugbear was the possible "alienation of funds." The fact is that, had things gone on as they were going, there would, in a few years, have been very little left to alienate. The scheme was simply an expedient resulting from sore pressure from within. The "trust" property was yearly decreasing in value. To keep up the school there was but one resource left—extra boys, who should pay. The salvation of the school from degeneracy, if not ultimate comparative extinction, is now ensured.

A third, and very strong objection, was the probable class jealousies that might arise among the two sections of boys. This has been, in a large degree, tested; and, as far as we can learn, has proved a groundless terror. We are told that no traces of any tendencies on the part of the capitationers to be clannish, or look down on their fellows, are visible. In fact, there is, after all, but a small difference in degree—very often none—between the two. The boys do not (as a rule) know, nor do they care, which pay and which do not. They "chum up" in their journeys home. Free and paying boys often live in the same street. Not unfrequently the free boy is socially higher than the paying one. For instance, the son of a professional man, with a large family, and not very large means, or an orphan, may take rank considerably above the son of a warehouseman. At any rate, from all we can gather, by personal observation and enquiry, there does not appear to be the smallest sign or symptom of any tendency to cliquism. Another apprehension, more groundless still, was that the masters might extend greater favour to the paying boys than to the free ones. The fact is, the masters do not (as a rule) know which are capitationers and which free. The same severity of discipline is equally applied to all, and the High Master reports that the paying boys are, if anything, superior to the others, both in attendance and attention.

We do not remember any other objections lodged against the capitation system. It is certain that the worst apprehensions of its opponents proved groundless. It works well and smoothly, and has conferred on the school advantages which it would otherwise have been without. And all, free or paying, have an equal share in these advantages. We shall just glance at a few of them, as enumerated in the school programme lately issued. First of all, there is an additional sum of about £1,320 available to the school. This has been judiciously applied to the increase of the staff of masters. We notice that, beside one or two additions to the list of classical, or rather general, masters, an additional mathematical master, an additional master of modern languages, a master of physical and natural science, and a master of drawing, who attends the whole week, just as do the others, have been engaged. It is almost superfluous to say that these are all highly distinguished men. The new mathematical master, Mr. Aldis (2nd Wrangler, 1866), will be none the less welcome in Manchester that, refusing, like certain others, to be *splendide mendax*, he sacrificed a Trinity fellowship to conscience and principle. But he is from this side the Tweed.

Perhaps the most valuable result of the capitation system is the changes it has wrought in the entire character of the school. Classics are now only on the same footing with mathematics and physical science, and in the lower forms almost subordinate to French. For instance there are at the head of the school two forms devoted mainly to the higher classics—co-ordinate and level with these are two forms devoted to the higher mathematics and natural sciences. The delusion that still lingers in this town with respect to the Grammar School being merely a classical school, ought to be at once and for ever dispelled. In no

school has the modern spirit of educational reform and improvement been more judiciously or extensively applied. It is true that Latin is taught in every form, and Greek in every one above the fourth, but they are merely co-ordinate with French, or drawing, or mathematics. The best proof of the thorough change in the Grammar School may be found in the list of honours gained at the Universities last year (ending May, 1869). No less than nine are mathematical, seven being scientific, seven classical, and three miscellaneous. The close Scholarships are not included. Had it not been for the capitation system, the reforms and improvements could never have been carried out.

Ultimately, no doubt, the scheme must at least double or treble the number of scholars. But the situation and condition of the school buildings are sadly against it. We hear that before long a new building may be begun between the two old ones. The tendencies of the scheme are largely to elevate and improve the school and the education it offers. When Mr. Forster's Endowed Schools Bill becomes law, it will give a great accession of influence and numbers to large schools like our Grammar School. Many of the smaller private and boarding schools will be extinguished, and we shall not lament them. The capitation system will then have a wider scope, and produce more brilliant results than it does at present.

TOWN TALK,

AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

THE Owens College Union, a debating society modelled, we presume, upon the famous Union at Oxford University, has just completed its eighth session. Its members consist of both past and present students—in this respect differing from its prototype. Some people profess to regard the debates and divisions at the Oxford Union as indicative of the prevailing opinions and tendencies of young Oxford. It would be premature to assume that the Owens College Union represents young Manchester. As regards the institution itself, however, the proceedings are not without interest. For instance, we gather from the report of the past session in the *Owens College Magazine* for June, that the students at Owens are almost all Radicals. When a division was taken after a discussion on "the Manchester candidates" in November last, the votes were:—For Bazley, 21; Jacob Bright, 21; Ernest Jones, 17; Mitchell Henry, 10; Birley, 3—Conservatism at a woful discount, and moderate Liberalism in but moderate favour. This political tendency was still further illustrated and confirmed during the session. A motion in favour of the disestablishment of the Irish Church "was carried by a large majority;" and another expressive of a wish for the overthrow of the Conservative government and the formation of a ministry comprising Messrs. Gladstone, Bright, and Lowe, was passed without a dissentient voice. Clearly, therefore, the young Manchester, as represented by Owens College, is Radical. It also gives a majority in favour of the Permissive Bill, for which measure there were 25 ayes and only 13 noes. It is almost equally divided on the subject of tobacco, fourteen declaring that the "ordinary use" of the weed is most injurious, and sixteen that its "moderate use is not deleterious." A resolution in favour of theatres found twenty supporters and thirteen opponents, the successful motion declaring it to be "right for us to attend [the theatre], and by our presence and influence to purify it from its objectionable features." The only purely literary discussion was one on the "Poets of the Day," and we are told that various gentlemen advocated "the claims to distinction of Browning, Longfellow, Tennyson, Waugh, Whittier, and Jean Ingelow"—a selection which induces a doubt whether modern poets and poetry form any part of studies conducted by the learned Professor of English Language and Literature.

Amongst recent promotions to the inner bar we notice the name of Mr. Samuel Pope, of teetotal notoriety. Mr. Pope is an example of rapid professional progress. While some of the gentlemen who are promoted with him have been at the outer bar no less than thirty years, and not one of them less than fifteen, he has been only eleven. This looks promising. If a man has been thirty years in struggling into the front rank of his profession, he isn't very likely to do much when he gets there. From another who has accomplished the same feat in a third of the time, something may fairly be expected. Nor do we think that Mr. Pope will disappoint our expectations, and—we believe we are correct in adding—his own. He has considerable power of speech, and an earnest air which prepossesses one in favour of his client—who, by the way, is always the most innocent and injured mortal in the world—generally, a philanthropist, whose motives are misinterpreted, whose actions are misrepresented, and whom everybody and everything are in conspiracy against. Mr. Pope advocates him as though he were a personal friend, with the appearance of doing it of pure "enthusiasm of humanity," and as if to offer him a single guinea for his labour of love would be to cut him to the soul. Probably, it would; but if you quintupled the amount a few times, the effect might be less harrowing. Mr. Pope is somewhat large, and takes a good deal to sit down upon; nevertheless there is plenty of room for him in the Q.C.'s row.

It is a great mistake to suppose that if the threatened abdication of the proposed Deansgate Improvement scheme is carried into effect, the shopkeepers in that locality will have obtained their wish. They will be even more bitterly disappointed than the promoters of the measure. After the least scent of a public work has got wind, the land suspected to be wanted immediately ceases to be occupied by human beings, who are suddenly transmuted into harpies—filthy fowls, all claw and maw. What the Deansgate shop-keepers want to do is to make private fortunes at the public expense—to get the whole benefit of the improvement, in addition to a more than just compensation for what space it deprives them of—a genteel sort of robbery, daily perpetrated by people who go to church with punctilious regularity.

A correspondent informs us that the hours of the assistants at the Free Lending Libraries are from 8 a.m. to 9 p.m., and not from 8-30 a.m. to 9 p.m., as we stated last week. This correction enables us to reiterate our opinion that a change is needed. Thirteen hours a day, or seventy-eight hours a week, for youths is cruelty. Although the work done is light, the confinement must necessarily be trying and injurious. At Liverpool, the lending departments are open from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m., and from 6 p.m. to 9 p.m., with a holiday on Wednesday afternoon. The whole of the staff are not usually on duty together, their hours being so arranged that, as far as possible, each person is on duty on alternate nights—it having been found, by long practical experience, that continued exertion in the heated and impure atmosphere of the Library is highly prejudicial to health. Our Free Library committee could not do better than take a lesson from Liverpool.

We tremble to remark that a Parisian authority announces an approaching increase in the size of bonnets. We hope not. Preposterous and unaccountable as are the vagaries of fashion, that usually hideous goddess does occasionally introduce a sensible and pretty style of dress. Amongst the enormities of contemporary modes, fashionable bonnets are the one redeeming feature, which is so delightful as to almost reconcile us to those gigantic bobs behind which are their natural, or unnatural, consequence. (You pay your penny, and you take your choice.) Pretty people are beginning to discover that there is no physical, mental, or moral reason why they should smother themselves in clothes. Modern bonnets are a charming outcome of this sensible idea, and it will be with the greatest sorrow that we shall see the least approximation to the coal-scuttle of barbarous antiquity.

The *Orchestra*, which usually writes sensibly upon dramatic subjects, informs its readers that Mr. Charles Calvert, of the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, has another Shakesperian revival in contemplation. Perfect as were his previous ones, this, according to the *Orchestra*, is to be *as* perfect, if not more so. We await with curiosity a revival that may possibly be more perfect than perfection. P.S. Why does the management of this theatre seek to deter people from going to see *School*, by the exhibition in shop-windows of an insipid representation of two insipid girls, insipidly indulging in an insipid embrace?

It may be remembered that, in example of the "Bad Language" of even good writers, we recently cited a phrase out of the *Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*. In glancing at that interesting little book again the

other day, we discovered that Mr. Wendell Holmes had taken his revenge out of us by anticipation; for we alighted on the following passage:—"How one does tremble with rage at his own intense momentary stupidity about things he knows perfectly well, and to think how he lays himself open to the impertinences of the *captatores verborum*, those useful but humble scavengers of the language!" Well, scavenging mayn't be very glorious, but it is very necessary; and perhaps even literature would be none the worse for the supervision of a Literary Lamp and Scavenging Committee, if such a thing could be established.

The freaks and fancies of reviewers are peculiar. Clever and interesting works sometimes slip through the press almost unnoticed, or noticed only with a paragraph, contemptuously short; while occasionally a mediocre trifle, remarkable for nothing but eccentricity, gets lengthily reviewed, and copiously extracted from. The amount of notice which has lately been bestowed upon the author of *Hans Breitmann's Ballads* by nearly all the press, is something absurd. One can hardly take up any review without finding some of that eccentric's numerous bagatelles under favourable notice. Their author is evidently a clever man, but there is nothing in his writing hitherto to merit any considerable amount either of praise or censure. The verses, when intelligible without effort—which is seldom—are amusing, but they are just the sort of thing to be passed over with a dozen lines of moderate commendation. Instead of this, we have had continuous reviews and extracts, even in the best of papers, a furious controversy as to copyright, and the announcement of their author's coming to this country, as if Mr. Leland were the literary lion of the day. To our mind, the *Tablet* has displayed the most sense in the matter; firstly, by cutting off the trifles with a few sentences; and secondly, by saying that the verses would have attracted no attention if they had been written in intelligible language. But even the *Tablet* makes itself rather ridiculous, when it observes that they will not bear comparison with some of our English dialectic songs—for instance, those of Mr. Waugh. It is rather too bad to say that rhymes conspicuous by their verbal eccentricity are not comparable with songs conspicuous by their poetical spirit—simply because both are written in an unclassical dialect. The poet Close is scarcely comparable to Milton, but one needn't say so.

SCANDAL-CUM-DIP.

(A B-IRONICAL ODE.)

Away, ye grim streets, with your scents—scarce of roses;
Mid your gloom let the keen Mammon worshippers fret;
Let me seek the spot where each window discloses
The pithy inscription—"Apartments to let."
Yes, "good of my health," how I cherish the fiction
That sends me each year on a *fainéant* trip,
To dangle and dawdle, *sans* let or restriction,
On the sands—tide-deserted—of Scandal-cum-Dip.

There, oft, in sweet torpor my wits I have addled,
A straw hat deposing the mercantile pot;
There, oft, on the ridge of a donkey bestraddled,
I have dauntlessly done my matutinal trot;
And mooned on the pier, 'neath Luna's full glory,
For my joys had one foil I could thus give the slip——
It is not all fancy that tells of the gory
Nocturnal banditti of Scandal-cum-Dip.

Grizzly spinsters the tender impeachment affirm is
A dream of the night, and of little avail;
Yet often the state of one's own epidermis
Tells, in spite of their protests, an opposite tale.
Yet, Scandal-cum-Dip, the glad juncture returning
That brings me my holiday's leisure and tip,
Shall find me for no higher happiness yearning
Than dwells on the shores of dull Scandal-cum-Dip.

THE VELOCIPEDE CONTESTS AT THE AMPHITHEATRE.

THE Bicycle Mania is increasing. It gathers strength day by day. Bicycles here, there, and everywhere. The Velox Company are so beset in their quarters beneath the Free Trade Hall, that gentlemen have been known to put down their names for an hour's ride, to wait patiently for some time, to go away for a season, to return again only to find several rivals still before them, and finally to abandon the idea in despair, for that afternoon at all events. Also another seven days' velocipede contest at the Bridge Street Amphitheatre, or, to put it more accurately, a week of "Grand International Velocipede Contests, Open to the World." Attracted, though somewhat appalled, by this title, we visited the Amphitheatre on Monday last, and spent, we are bound to say, a most amusing evening.

The ring, usually devoted to sawdust and equestrian feats, had been carefully boarded over. Leaning against the low circular barrier, were some two dozen bicycles, of all sorts and sizes, red, brown, yellow, or scarcely painted at all; these last being generally of polished steel, apparently the most expensive, and certainly the most workmanlike, of the lot. Somewhere or other must have been "the model velocipede, ordered for the Prince Imperial;" but, alas! we were not aware of its presence at the time. Perhaps it was the one with a very pretty lamp in front, and silver mountings, which especially took our fancy. There seemed to be some four or five bicycles exhibited merely for show; the rest were the property of the competitors in the various contests. These competitors were of all sizes, like their bicycles, and we might also say, with reference to their costumes, of all colours also. Red and white striped caps seemed greatly in vogue. There was a pink shirt and a yellow one; likewise a yellow pair of gaiters, and a red pair. There was no "correct card," nor any public announcement of the names either of the winners or losers, so we had to christen the competitors for ourselves. One tall, stately, moustached gentlemen we dubbed the Captain. Another, with a thin dried-up face, a wide-awake, and the pink shirt aforesaid, we privately saluted as Don Quixote. There was also a boy in red and white cap, and a brown shirt, who rode most pluckily, and will, in time, make a first-rate velocipedist. A smaller youngster still, with a very baby of a bicycle, won the slow race—but of this more anon.

After a certain time allowed for inspection, the bicycles were all removed from the ring, under the charge of their respective owners, horse and man retiring into obscurity until wanted for each successive contest. A number of stout, dignified-looking gentlemen then made their appearance on the stage, and proceeded to seat themselves at a long table, which, with a piano and sundry chairs, had hitherto formed the only scenic effects. We had previously noticed several large placards on the walls announcing "the Slave Troupe," and began to wonder whether there was any connection, the lamp-black having been probably forgotten. But a truce to this profane jesting: these specimens of good feeding were the judges. Very solemn they looked, and rather crowded, especially one in the centre, the stoutest of the stout, who took up room for three, and seemed intensely relieved when the ten minutes' interval arrived, and he was able to retire for refreshment.

The first prize was for the slowest bicycle-rider. Five times round the ring, or circle. There can be no better test of steadiness and power over the velocipede than this of slow riding. The slower the motion, the more difficult to preserve an even balance. Using the break, twisting the guiding-bar from side to side, curving and tottering, now slipping the feet from the treadles, though without touching the ground, now wheeling short round, and, we grieve to say, all save three coming to grief before the five rounds were completed—the twelve competitors appeared in slow succession. The three honourable exceptions were timed as follows:—4 min. 51 sec.; 4 min. 1 sec.; and 6 min. 28 sec. The last, as we have already said, was the smallest rider of the lot. "The Captain," who took 4 min. 1 sec., went round steadily enough, and fell just as he reached the winning-post for the last time. Of the others, one fell during the fifth round, one during the fourth, four others before they had completed the first, and two almost at once. The twelfth, and last, fell not only almost, but altogether at once. "Off!" said the starter, and lo! and behold, "off" he went, before he had gone a foot, and amidst the uproarious laughter of the spectators. It is evidently no easy matter to win a slow race on a bicycle.

Next followed the Tilting at the Ring. Rings would be the more correct phrase, there being ten of them, suspended from a sort of small gibbet, about six feet from the ground, and hung so loosely as to be easily carried off when transfixed by an iron-pointed wooden lance. There appeared no rule as to speed; the rider might go as slow as he liked, so long as he did not actually stop or touch ground. To knock a ring off its hook or to bring them all down together, as one gentleman succeeded in doing twice, counted nothing. Each ring had to be actually carried away on the lance. Here the captain had it all his own way, carrying off the whole ten, with the greatest steadiness and ease. We noticed that he kept an even pace all round the circle, never moved his lance, and indulged in none of the restless fidgets which most of his rivals were guilty of, before reaching the rings on each occasion. The poor boys had small chance. The rings were too high for them, and the lance too heavy, especially as they had necessarily to hold it close to the butt-end, to reach the rings at all. Don Quixote tilted, like his great prototype, at the windmills, with a jaunty manner and confident smile, but ended by only carrying away six rings out of the ten.

The next prize was for Vaulting on and off the Bicycle in motion. Only three competed. The yellow gaitered gentleman managed six double-vaults in the three rounds. The boy in the brown shirt made a gallant try, and indeed did too much, standing on his saddle for the space of a few seconds, but "vaulting ambition" out-leaped itself, and he came in (if such a term is applicable to such a contest) last of the three. It was reserved for our little friend, the hero of the slow race, to make ten vaults, albeit rather scrambly ones, and, we presume, to carry off this prize also.

Striking the Quintain came next. A clumsy-looking piece of wood, much broader at one end than the other, revolved horizontally on a pivot, between three and four feet from the ground. The narrow end was padded—the broad one, painted in rough imitation of a target. Each competitor had to strike the broad end five times, with a lance like a small mop, riding past, if possible, so quickly as to avoid being hit by the narrow padded end, which immediately swung round. There was more fun in the idea than the reality. None of the riders struck the quintain hard enough to hurt themselves. One or two were afterwards dismounted, but it was only from bad steering, not from the force of any blow they received,—except, indeed, in the case of Don Quixote, who caught the quintain in his back, and came down ignominiously. The captain managed all his five hits very cleverly, but he rode on the wrong side of the quintain, and had plenty of room to swerve out of its way. On this being loudly objected to by the spectators, he tried again, on the proper side, and got hit every time.

To the next trial of skill, Running the Plank, we cannot help objecting most strongly. The plank is placed across a stool, between two and three feet from the ground, so as to swing up and down see-saw fashion, first one end resting on the ground and then the other. The rider has to propel his bicycle up one side, balance himself at the highest point while the plank revolves, and then go down the other side. Judging from the falls we witnessed, the feat is not only difficult, but most dangerous. One competitor alone managed to perform it the necessary three times, and this was the gallant boy in the brown shirt. He well deserved the applause he received, but if we were his father, he should never try such a hazardous trick again. It is only fair to state that the starter, time-keeper, and their assistants, stood on each side the plank ready to catch the fallers, but no amount of care will prevent a sprained ankle, or broken leg, one of these days, unless there is a special providence watching over bicycle-riders, as it is said to do over undergraduates and drunken sailors.

The fast race, ten times round the circle, and outside it, was won in one minute thirty seconds. There were thirteen competitors. The youngster in the brown shirt came in a good second, being only beaten by two seconds.

Finally, there was a prize for Ascending and Descending the Inclined Plane; the said inclined plane, or planes, leading from each side of the stage to the floor. The competitors had to go up the one incline, across the stage, down the other incline, and so round the Hall to the first incline again. This, like Running the Plank, seems intended only to create ugly falls and accidents.

We recommend the directors of these and all other velocipede contests to omit such dangerous feats from their programmes in future.

THE POULTRY MARKET.

MARKETS in the centre of large towns for the sale of rural produce, whether animal or vegetable, are favourite places of resort among the citizens, who never entirely lose their taste for the source from which they spring—the green country and its innumerable associations. The various markets on a Saturday are numerously attended. Some affect the inspection of fish, some of flesh, and some of fowl. Others give most of their attention to flowers, fruit, and kitchen vegetables. When the alterations were made in the retail fish market, some years since, the narrow alley between Victoria Street and the Market Place, previously devoted to the sale of live poultry, was necessarily vacated, and the dealers in cocks, hens, turkeys, pigeons, and rabbits removed to a vacant space of ground, at the junction of Watling Street and Shudehill. On this spot the Saturday's weekly market has been held ever since. It is an old-fashioned, primitive-looking place, surrounded by a few old taverns and provision shops, and is more like the market place of some old country town than what one would expect to find in an extensive city like Manchester. The suburban, semi-rural aspect of the place is rather agreeable than otherwise. Indeed, this rustic appearance is not confined to the poultry market alone, but is more or less a characteristic of its chief approach from Hyde's Cross, flanked on each side by the Old Boar's Head and the New Ditto, up Withy Grove, to Shudehill. In Withy Grove, the name of which smacks of the country, an eruptional epidemic seems lately to have broken out, in the form of a plentiful supply of enormously-large and formidable-looking oysters, which appear to bear the same affinity and proportion to British natives which the Anthropophogi, whose heads are said to have grown beneath their shoulders, did to humanity in general. Nothing daunted, however, by their formidable dimensions, the Withy Grove frequenters boldly attack these Brobdignagian molluscs, and, after a preliminary juggling movement, with the oyster in one hand and a huge bottle of vinegar in the other, by a dexterous gulp and spasmodic action of the throat, the morsel disappears, a feeling of satisfactory relief from perils overcome immediately overspreading the features of the conjurer.

The distance from Hyde's Cross to the poultry market is diversified by throngs of country folk and market carts. The shops are largely composed of eating houses, and other places for the renewal of the fibrous tissues and refreshment of the inner man. There are the shops of the industrious butcher, who walks long distances into the country in his clogs, drives fast-trotting ponies, and sells good meat. Neither are the artistic tastes of visitors ignored, for are there not print shops, the windows of which are generally filled with rather startling specimens of the painter's, engraver's, and photographer's art? Behold the portraits of some free and easy young ladies riding donkey races, these animals looking unusually unmanageable and desirous of bolting; a very gorgeously-coloured print of Mr. John Martin's picture of the Plains of Heaven, portraits of the celebrated mares Alice Hawthorn and Formosa, American trotting horses, photographic groupings of the family at Heaton Park, and a rather uncommon picture by Sir Edwin Landseer of the Princess Royal of England, when a baby, lying on a cushion, with Prince Albert's favourite black greyhound nestling his nose under her chubby pink feet, and a cooing turtle dove looking on with a mingled air of satisfaction and curiosity. A few yards higher up, the principal staple trade of the street outside the shops appears to be confined to men's braces. The consumption of these aids and supports of the pantaloons of the working man must be large, judging from the demand in this quarter. They are composed of a material, stout, resistant, and inelastic, and we should fancy they might prove rather destructive to the shirt, if not irksome to the wearer. Other stalls contain dog chains and collars, and various concoctions warranted to remove colds, corns, and bunions, in a short space of time, without pain, or being obliged to have recourse to the medical faculty and the chiropodist.

In the poultry market, there is huddled together a heterogeneous mass of hampers, hencoops, and hutches, containing poultry, pigeons, and rabbits. Most breeds of fowls are here represented, from the great ungainly rough-legged Cochin China to the diminutive perky little bantam. There are plenty of black Spanish cocks, those aristocrats of the poultry yard, with their white wattles and lordly look about them; the bold game cock, favourite of Englishmen, with his glittering eye,

muscular neck and thighs, and clean legs; plump, comfortable-looking Dorkings, haughty golden and silver Hamburgs, Bramah Pootras, swarthy Poles with white top-knots, homely, hardy Bolton creels, and occasionally specimens of queer-looking foreign fowls with their feathers all turned the wrong way.

"Bright Chanticleer" has always been a favourite among men. His gallantry, his cheerful industry and activity, and his prowess in battle are conspicuous. Although a polygamist, he is the most indulgent of husbands. See how loudly he chuckles when he finds a choice morsel, and disdains to touch it himself until his Sultanas have been satisfied. Let any intruder come within the sacred precincts of his dominions, and he will immediately show fight, and stand up until he has either given the interloper a sound thrashing, or until his own "eyelids can no longer wag." Dame Partlet again, as a powerful auxiliary to housewives, a good friend to cottagers, and provider of delicacies for the gastronomic tastes of epicures, is an equal favourite. The cock is an historic bird. It was the means of bringing the Apostle Peter to a due sense of remorse, when, after his fit of weakness, he "went out and wept bitterly." As the cock is one of the earliest of risers, poets have made numerous allusions to him as the bird which "proclaims the dawn." Thus Spenser writes:—

> And cheerful Chanticlere, with his note shrill
> Had warned once, that Phœbus' fiery car
> In haste was climbing up the Eastern hill.

Gray in his elegy, speaks of "the cock's shrill clarion," and Shakspere has numerous allusions to the bird. When Ratcliff enters King Richard's tent on the morning of the battle of Bosworth field, he says to that monarch who has just awoke from his fearful dream:—

> The early village cock
> Hath twice done salutation to the morn.

And in *Hamlet*, the cock is called "the trumpet of the dawn."

Besides cocks and hens, there is always a good supply of ducks, and generally some geese, and a few turkeys—the timid, shy, retiring hen, and that great, vain, noisy, boasting, gobbling, pompous, bombastic ass, her husband. Sometimes, also, the gorgeous peacock may be met with, but he, poor fellow, has little room given him to display his dazzling plumage, and is generally tied down and partially covered up in a long basket. Besides the transactions in poultry, rabbit fanciers carry on a brisk trade, both in the common grey and dappled English breeds, and in the lop-eared Spanish animals. Ferrets, white mice, and sometimes even tame rats, are also to be had here. It is singular to note with what dexterity the dealers in these fowls and animals lay hold of, and manipulate them. The duck dealers seem to grab these web-footed creatures unceremoniously by the head, and ducky makes very little remonstrance at the treatment. In like manner are the rabbits lifted up by the ears, with scarcely a protesting kick against such handling, while the pigeons seem positively to like being seized by their owners, who tickle their polls and warty excrescences on their bills, as if they were scratching a pig or patting a pet dog. We are not learned in pigeon lore, but we understand that the purchaser can here either be provided on the spot, or at a short notice, with birds of all value, from the various breeds of carriers, barbes, pouters, Jacobins, nuns, runts, owls, turbits, balds, and numerous other kinds, with equally queer names.

The poultry and pigeon dealers seem to have an objection to shirt collars, and are partial to dingy-coloured neckcloths, which envelop their stubbly throats. Pigeon-dealing has got the character of being an industry which has not an elevating effect upon the moral character. This is singular. Those who deal in the noble animal, the horse, are often considered to be adepts in that commercial quality which is curtly termed sharp practice. As horse-dealing and racing are surrounded by a large element of chance, the deteriorating effect upon those who are engaged in the occupation is not altogether unaccountable. But why rearing and dealing in the bird which is the emblem of love and innocence, is not so easily accounted for. We do not for a moment insinuate that this remark applies to those who deal in doves at the Manchester Poultry Market. Horse-dealers, by coming into contact with the animals in which they deal, are said to begin to resemble them in appearance, and become "horsey," and dog-fanciers become decidedly doggy; but this can scarcely be said of pigeon-dealers, who, instead of growing more dove-like, rather develop characteristics of the hawk species, and pluck the human pigeons, as opportunity offers.

HOLIDAY NOTES.

DISLEY AND LYME HALL.

IT was with some regard to the fitness of things that we chose the twenty-ninth of May for an afternoon ramble to Disley and Lyme Hall. The anniversary of the restoration of the Stuart dynasty, by the accession of Charles II. to the English throne, seemed to us a suitable occasion upon which to visit the ancestral hall of a family always Royalist in its sympathies, and especially devoted to the unfortunate house of Stuart. The *Sphinx* knows no politics, and we were therefore troubled by no political prejudices in availing ourselves of the generosity of a Tory squire who, at this season, has courteously thrown open his family residence, with its *lares* and *penates*, to public inspection.

Taking our place in the train, at the London Road Station, we pass quickly and pleasantly along the twelve miles that separate us from our destination. At Levenshulme, we get broken glimpses of green fields, stretching out behind the villas and cottages scattered along the line. On the right is Slade Hall, the front of it quaintly and curiously marked with bands of black and white. Here, for generations, dwelt the Siddalls of Slade. Farther out among the rushy holmes, embosomed in trees, is Birch Hall, where dwelt Colonel Birch, an officer in Cromwell's army, and a stout nonconformist. Between the two halls remain traces of the great Nico-ditch, said to have been formed by the Saxons, to withstand the invading Danes. Passing these, the view is shut out by the embankment of a cutting, terminating at the viaduct which spans the valley of the Mersey, over which we pass, high above the chimnies and amid the smoke of Stockport, crowded on its banks. Then, emerging through a tunnel, into the greener and more fertile Cheshire fields, by Hazel Grove, with its hedgerows white with the blossoming hawthorn, and, after skirting a leafy dell, with a little stream flowing through it, between banks here and there purple with hyacinths, we arrive at Disley, being still in Cheshire, but at the threshold of the hill country of Derbyshire. A little distance from the station, to the right of the road, is a large and spacious hostelry, yclept the Ram's Head, which said sign is the crest of the Leghs of Lyme. In the old coaching days this was an important posting-house, as the extensive stables and outbuildings bear witness; now, it is mainly resorted to by picnic parties. A pleasant and comfortable hostelry it is, with bountiful provision of creature comforts for its visitors. Overlooking the trim and well-kept garden, in the rear of it, is the church, placed on a steep bank, and surrounded with lime trees. It is an old gothic building, looking venerable with the weather-stains of over three hundred years. It was erected in 1558, and has an embattled tower, containing six bells. Having refreshed ourselves at the inn with a modest cup of malt liquor, we sally out, and, taking the first turn to the right, up the steep bank by the church, we reach a green lane, shady with noble sycamores, which leads to the park gates. On the way we pass a kennel of foxhounds, who give out a rich, deep-mouthed music, as they move restlessly within their iron-railed enclosure. Pausing for a while to watch the beautiful creatures, we give a passing thought to what Charles Kingsley has said in admiration of the beauty, grace, and strength of a foxhound. In *My Winter Garden* he says, "Next to a Greek statue, I know few such combinations of grace and strength as in a fine foxhound. * * Look at the severity, delicacy, and lightness of every curve. His head is finer than a deer's; his hind legs tense as steel springs; his fore legs straight as arrows; and yet, see the depth of chest, the sweep of loin, the breadth of paw, the mass of arm and thigh; and, if you have an eye for form, look at the absolute majesty of his attitude. Is it not a joy to see such a thing alive? I should like to have one in my study all day long, as I would have a statue, or a picture."

Leaving this study of dogs, we pursue our walk along the lane, and find that it terminates at the lodge gates, and, entering through these, we find ourselves on the grassy slopes and lower levels of the park. There is a marked absence of timber, though here and there are a few ancient oaks. On a swelling upland height before us on the left is Lyme Cage, a square grey tower, which looks out over the

expanse of Cheshire and Lancashire, and which, on clear days, forms a landmark which may be descried far off from the plain below. Seen from a distance, with its bold outline strongly defined on the bleak but smooth green hills behind, the effect of this tower is strikingly picturesque. Though evidently intended for a hunting tower when the park was known as Lyme Chase, popular tradition, with its love for the tragic, ascribes to it a more serious purpose than the slaying of deer. On our way from the inn we had accompanied a party of sportsmen who had come hither to shoot rooks. Among them was an old woodman, who informed us that he had lived about the place all his life, and could, from oral tradition, reckon back its history for two hundred years. He expressed a firm belief that the cage had been used for the hanging, drawing, and quartering of malefactors, and likewise told us that the Leghs had formerly some privilege of disposing of offenders in this way, but that the right was forfeited by their having on one unhappy occasion hanged the wrong man. Our friend told us that his mother was a woman of superior attainments, "who had read books," and that on the occasion of one of the Leghs attaining his majority she had composed a poetical toast, which she desired her son to give at the feast, if he had an opportunity. To his great disappointment, however, nobody asked him to drink, and the sentiment was in consequence lost. He repeated the rhyme to us, which he said he could never forget. He told us, also, a rambling story of an individual who had hereabouts discovered a silver mine, the existence of which he had kept a secret, at the same time using the silver for coining purposes, until, being found out, he was hanged at the cage for his pains. For some mysterious reason, the mine was closed again, and the fact of its existence kept secret by the Leghs. He assured us that he had himself accompanied a gentleman who had bored the ground in various places in search of the mine. After much pleasant talk of a like nature we parted with our interesting but credulous friend, and, at some distance beyond the cage, came suddenly upon the north front of Lyme Hall, a dark, time-stained building of stone, standing within a railed court yard.

The hall has a centre and two wings, the latter being of more modern construction than the rest. The style is classic, but of a mixed sort, the wings being ornamented on the side by Corinthian pilasters. Regarding the origin of the name, we find in Ormerod's *Cheshire* that it is derived from Lyme, or Limes, signifying the border of Cheshire, where it is placed. A noble mastiff of the Lyme Hall breed guards the covered way through which we pass into the inner quadrangle, but offers no opposition to our progress. On making the required application to view the building, we are taken in hand by a lady-like domestic, and conducted into the hall. It may be well here to notice the manner in which the Leghs became possessed of this hall and the domains belonging thereto. Ormerod tells us that when Edward the Black Prince was sore pressed at the Battle of Crecy, being refused assistance by his father, who told the boy to win his spurs, Sir Thomas Danyers relieved the banner of his earl (the Black Prince) and took prisoner the Chamberlain of France, Tankerville. In due time, for this deed of prowess, the estate of Lyme was handed over to Sir Thomas, by whom it was bequeathed to his daughter, who bestowed it in marriage upon her third husband, Piers Legh. Ormerod says that Sir Peter Leycester and other historians have fallen into the error of attributing the achievement at Crecy to this Piers Legh. This fallacy seems still to be believed in by the servitors of Lyme, who certainly convey to visitors a somewhat confused impression that it was a Legh who obtained the hall by this valorous deed, in proof of which they show the mighty two-handed sword and spurs worn at Crecy. Doubtless these may have belonged to the doughty Sir Thomas Danyers. The mailed arm holding a banner, which is to be seen emblazoned on wall and ceiling, records the valiant deed. In further memorial of the event, the portrait of the Black Prince occupies a distinguished position among the heir-looms of the family. Beginning on the north side with the oldest apartment, which is called King John's room, from the fact that it is supposed to have been in existence during that monarch's reign, we follow our guide up flights of stairs, through endless suites of rooms (with polished oak floors, which make perilous the footsteps of the unwary), along galleries and sounding corridors, the furniture and adornments of which it would be tedious to detail. Portraits of fair women and brave men look down upon us from the walls, some of them by Sir Peter Lely. Here is one of King Charles I., after the manner of Vandyke, and in the same apartment with it, the star, gloves, and dagger which Charles wore. What was once the richly-embroidered cloak of the unfortunate monarch is now used for the covering of chairs. There, too, Bonnie Prince Charlie, smiling and handsome, looks out from the framed canvas; and there, too, is another unfortunate beauty, in the shape of poor Nell Gwynne. In company with monarchs, knights, and ladies, we note the full-length portrait of an old huntsman, an ancient servitor of the house, one Joseph Watson, of whom Ormerod makes mention, who died in 1753, at the age of 104 years, having been park-keeper at Lyme during 64 years. He is said to have been the first who accomplished the feat of driving the wild red deer, which were collected once a year, before the front of the hall. Carvings, rich and rare, by Gibbons, cover some of the walls, those in one of the rooms being said to have occupied the carver seven years. The Library, a noble room, filled with "many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore," has in it a deeply-recessed oriel window, in which it would be a perfect luxury to read or dream through summer days.

In most cases the rooms have huge carved fire-places, which must look glorious on winter nights. Marble treasures from Egypt and the East are scattered about, among which we recognise a beautiful representation of our old friend the *Sphinx*,

> Staring right on with calm eternal eyes.

Through tapestried bed-chambers, rich in classic fables, we pass, reading as we go their embroidered stories of the gods. There is Scipio Africanus restoring the captive princess to her parents and her betrothed. There, again, is the tragic history of Hero and Leander. Here, too, we see

> The sweet Europa's mantle blue unclasp'd
> From off her shoulder backward borne:
> From one hand droop'd a crocus; one hand grasp'd
> The wild bull's golden horn.

One of these apartments is said to have been occupied by Mary Queen of Scots, the remains of the bed and furniture she used being preserved. Elsewhere, in the long Elizabethan gallery on the east side, is a spinet, upon which she is said to have played. No ancient house of this kind is complete without its ghost room, and here we are shown one named after Edward the Black Prince, from the fact of the richly-carved bed and other furniture having existed at that period. From this room is a secret passage to Lyme Cage, and here an ancestor of the Leghs is supposed to have been murdered. Another secret passage opens from the panelled wall of the drawing room, and which also, we were told, leads to the cage. Our fair attendant informed us that in troublous times these modes of exit were found very convenient, when, we suppose, the front door, though a more dignified means of departure, was not always the safest.

So we saunter on from room to room, occasionally finding it to be a relief to withdraw our attention from the treasures within, and gaze through the windows at the pleasant green glades outside.

As we proceed we try to arrange the curious mosaic of incident and tradition connected with what we were shown, but the endeavour to get from the perplexed tale anything like a clear conception of the history and fortunes of the house is vain, and finally we give it up in despair. At length our progress ended; having seen all that we are permitted to see, we take leave of our civil and obliging attendant, and find ourselves once more in the outer court. Wending our way back along the park, among sheep and deer that browse on the greensward, we look for, but fail to obtain, a sight of the wild cattle for which the place is famous. Arrived at the Ram's Head, we again refresh, and then seek the train which carries us back to town, to whose tall chimneys and smoky dinginess we return laden with materials for endless romaunt and reverie, full of the picturesque lore of ancient days, and softened with the calm of pastoral solitude.

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Manufactory: 30, Mosley Road, Birmingham.—Sold by all Ironmongers.

A FORTHCOMING ASSAULT-AT-ARMS.

MOST of our readers will remember the sudden death of Sergeant Inglis (late 14th Hussars), Fencing Master to the Athenæum Gymnastic Club. He was returning home on the top of an omnibus, after giving a private lesson at a gentleman's house in the suburbs, when, all at once, he fell back and expired, without sound or sign. The club which benefitted so greatly by his skill and energy is not slow to testify its gratitude. A grand assault-at-arms will be held in the Free Trade Hall, on Tuesday, June 22nd, in aid of the widow and two children, whose bread-winner has so suddenly been taken away. In addition to our local talent, represented by the Manchester Athletic and Athenæum Gymnastic Clubs, the services of the garrison have been enlisted; and a most inviting looking programme is the result. We append it in full:—

1. Horse Exercise.—By the King's Dragoon Guards.
2. Single-stick.—Messrs. Gilton & Crowley, Athenæum Gymnastic Club.
3. Exercises on the Parallel Bars.
4. Quarter-staff.—Privates Hallahan and Winsbury, K.D.G.
5. Clubs.—Heavy, 30lb., Mr. Horsely; 20lb., Mr. Gilton. Light: Messrs. Cooper and S. Cooper, Athenæum Gymnastic Club.
6. Boxing.
7. Sabre *v.* Bayonet.—Privates W. Jones and Holgate, K.D.G.
8. Sword Feats.
9. Bayonet Fencing.—Privates Winsbury and Hallahan, K.D.G.
10. High Leaping.
11. Broadswrd.—Regimental Sergeant-Major Murphy and Sergeant-Major Sagar, K.D.G.
12. Exercises on the Trapeze.
13. Fencing.—Captain Hutton, K.D.G., and Mr C. J. Holliday, Manchester Athletic Club.
14. Dumb-bells
15. Spanish Rapier and Poinard Contest.—Captain Hutton and Sergeant-Major Sagar, K.D.G.
16. Vaulting, and Horizontal Bar.

A most inviting programme, and one which surely ought to draw an overwhelming crowd of spectators, even if the good cause be put out of the question. Captain Hutton is well known in military circles as the author of two works on swordmanship. He is a member of the London Fencing Club, and was formerly a pupil of the renowned Messrs. Angelo, and the equally celebrated veteran fencing-master, Mons. Leon Gillemand. Mr. Holliday, we need hardly say, is the amateur heavy-weight champion of England in boxing. He was instructed in fencing by the late celebrated master, Captain Chiosso, and also by Mons. Bertrand. We look forward with great interest to the contest between soldier and civilian. Then, we have two great novelties, the quarter-staff exercise and contest with rapier and poinard. The former carries us back to the days of Robin Hood, and the stout yeomen of "merrie England" in olden time. The latter is a species of military exercise, in vogue (principally on the continent) from the latter part of the reign of Elizabeth down to the days of James II. A clever book on this subject was written in 1606, for Christian IV. of Denmark, by an Italian, Salvator Fabrio, and from this work the instructors of the King's Dragoon Guards have been enabled to form a pretty accurate idea of the style of combat. We may add that the K.D.G. have been instructed in swordmanship more on the system of the great London and Parisian schools than in the style at present in use in the army, a style which, to say the least, is open to much criticism.

AUDIENCES AT THE THEATRE.

[FROM THE SPECTATOR.]

WE quoted last week some extracts from a life of Edmund Kean, by Mr. Hawkins, which must have struck many of our readers as totally incredible. According to that writer, Kean's influence over his audience was beyond that of the greatest orators or preachers of the present day, was of a kind such as has in our time never been within a theatre. Rachel has within the last 20 years driven Frenchmen into momentary frenzy by reciting the Marseillaise, and Currer Bell has recorded the intense impression the actress's performance at Brussels made upon her cultivated and radically English mind; but Kean took his audiences beyond themselves, made the actors by his side sob and faint, threw Byron into convulsions, drew whole theatres to their feet in surging emotion, and made Southey and Barry Cornwall exclaim simultaneously, "That man looks like the devil!" To judge from Mr. Hawkin's description of Kean, his acting was exactly what that of Robson would have been had he let that side of his genius have its course; and, no doubt, most powerful, and in its way truthful, acting it would have been. There would have been probably exaggeration, perceptible if the portrait were compared with reality, but not if it were only compared with the ideal lurking in the minds even of to-day. Yet still, after making all those concessions, does anybody believe that Robson, as tragedian, could have made actors faint, or Tennyson go into convulsions, or any old lady fancy that he was such a villain that he should be struck out of her will? The truth is, the character of the audiences has changed, and not the power of the actors, except in a very limited degree. We suspect that, granted the same audiences, Miss Faucit would have had all the influence of Mrs. Siddons; Mr. Wigan, or Mr. Sothern, or Mr. Jefferson, of Garrick; and Mr. Robson, if a tragedian, of Edmund Kean. With the same audiences, Mr. Spurgeon might have been as Whitfield, Mr. Fitzgerald as Burke, Mr. Bernal Osborne as Sheridan.

The temper of audiences has changed, changed in reality as well as seeming. Watch any audience witnessing Mr. Fechter's very striking representation of Othello, and you will see that a very slight increase in the fury and the unreasonableness would excite disgust; that the stalls and boxes, even while applauding, watch his face critically, with something of contempt, not for him, but for all that tempest of emotion. This decline of sympathy with passion in its external representation has perhaps done more to limit the actor's power than any other change, for it is this which is most easily represented on the stage, not only because actors can imitate it more easily, but because suppressed emotion is as a physical fact less perceptible to eyes at any but a very short distance indeed. An expression must be very fine indeed to move the spectator who sees it only through a lorgnette.

But is there not a change in audiences even beyond this? Is there not, besides the decline of sympathy with the violent expression of emotion, a decline in the capability of emotion itself? People don't faint, or weep, or groan, as they once did. Of course, the fountains of emotion are not sealed up, else were the continuity of mental history destroyed; but it requires a harder or sharper shock to open them—a greater amount of suffering or of joy. The faint dislike for tragedy which is so decided an intellectual feature of our time must be due, in part, at all events, to a kind of thickening of the chords which vibrate to tragic feeling, a thickening which explains some part of the sensational character of the plots in popular novels. The blow must be hard to move us, and as the tragedian can hardly strike harder than Shakespere, for example, has done, we have lost something of our forefathers' capacity for emotion. Can we conceive of a great debate stopping because a member had made a speech too grand for members to be in full possession of their wits? Yet that happened a century ago. And is it not true that the audience in an opera-house is more readily moved by acting than the audience in a theatre? The acting is better? Very likely; but the audience is also composed exclusively of the organisations which more or less respond to music, is a picked audience of sensibilities.

And finally, there is one change in audiences, and not in actors, to which we attribute nothing, and should attribute much. Our great-grandfathers and grandfathers went to the theatre, and to the House of Commons, and, we fear, to evening preaching, more than half drunk. We go sober.

Amusements.

PRINCE'S THEATRE, MANCHESTER.

LAST SEVEN NIGHTS of Mr. FREDERICK YOUNGE'S London Company.

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TOBACCO AND ALCOHOL.

MR. John Fiske, LL.B., of New York, has written a very clever and entertaining book, which he calls *Tobacco and Alcohol*, and in which he exposes with great force and clearness the inaccuracy of some of the favourite allegations of the total abstinence party, and the futility of the experiments on which they chiefly rely. He asserts that all the alleged evidence of the useless and noxious character of alcohol, derived from scientific experience, are vitiated by the radical error of inattention to the influence of quantity. Alcohol in large amounts, like them in similar doses, is a narcotic poison, and, if given in such amounts, undoubtedly paralyses the digestive and other organs, and fails to be assimilated by them. Alcohol in small doses quickens the nutritive processes, strengthens the nerves, restores their powers when exhausted by fatigue, and in many cases has been proved beyond reasonable doubt to serve as food. Tobacco, again, in excess, or acting upon an empty stomach, is a purely poisonous and narcotic agent; taken moderately and after a meal, it is shown to be in principle, as every smoker knows it to be in practice, a promoter of digestion. Both are useful aids to the nervous system in a state of life in which it is liable to be frequently and severely overtaxed. Such is Mr. Fiske's argument, supported by a careful record of facts, and a long list of eminent authorities. The work is interesting, at all events, as a spirited and effective attempt to turn the tables upon teetotallers, and to overthrow the formidable array of ugly-looking facts and misquoted statements, by which they have perplexed the timid and imposed upon the ignorant.—*Saturday Review.*

Flowers in gentlemen's buttonholes are all the fashion in London. They are sold in some of the shops in the West-end at from one shilling to eighteenpence a-piece.

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HOW TO COOK A CHOP.—In cooking a chop, the first condition of success is not to let a drop more of these doubly valuable juices escape us than is absolutely unavoidable. For this purpose our chop must be put down over a bright, clear, and somewhat fierce fire. The first thing that happens is the coagulation of a portion of the albumen on the under side of the chop, and a contraction of the fibrin which draws the juices into the centre. If we leave our chop untouched, the meat will gradually harden all the way through, driving the juices before it, and causing them to overflow into the fire from the upper side. To counteract this we must consequently turn our chop over the instant the under side begins to harden. As soon as what was at first the upper side is sufficiently hard, which generally happens with a good fire in a minute or so, it is turned once more, and so on till the operation is complete. In fact, a game of battledore and shuttlecock must be played with the chop; the moment the juices have been driven into the middle of the meat it must be turned, and the turning repeated continually, so that each side may be done alike. The length of time for cooking a chop properly must depend on the fierceness of the fire and the tastes of the individual. Ten minutes, and at least ten turnings, may be taken as a minimum when the fire is brisk, and when an underdone chop is preferred; but there is no royal road to chop cooking, and perfection in it can only be attained by great practice and a fair amount of intelligence.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications should be addressed to the Editor, *Sphinx* Office, 37, Oxford Street, Manchester. Every manuscript should bear the name and address of the sender. All contributions are attentively considered, and unaccepted MSS. are returned on receipt of stamps for postage. No replies or MSS. can be delivered on personal application.

Business communications and advertisements should be addressed to Messrs. J. G. KERSHAW & Co., "Main" Printing Offices, 37, Oxford-st, Manchester.

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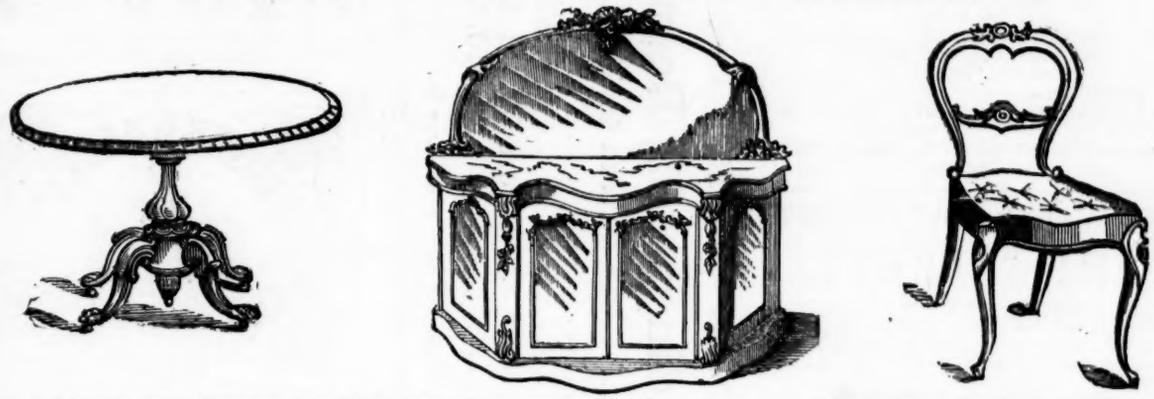

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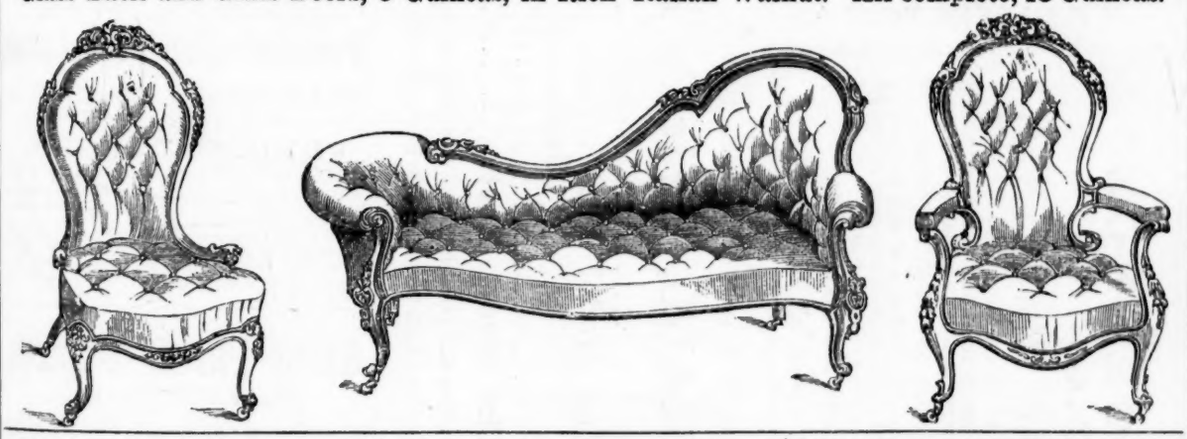

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